Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR RAILWAYS

The address by Edward F. Jeffrey, president of the Denver and Rio Grande at the annual convention of the interstate commerce commission at St. Louis May 11, 1897, entitled "The People and Their Railways," has been received. The tone of the address is conservative, and the matter surprisingly liberal. If all the railway presidents had acted in the spirit of the views expressed by Mr. Jeffrey it is safe to say that the railroad problem would not be so menacing as it is to the railroads today. Mr. Jeffrey maintains that rates should be just and reasonable, and that this applies to both the shipper and railway. With this position no just complaint can be made. He further says: "The interstate commerce law, after some hesitation, has been taken by them (our leading transportation companies) as a text; in support of it new associations were formed; to strengthen it new agreements were made; in pursuance of it tariffs were published; under it many public hearings have been had and step by step the conservative, law-abiding and experienced railway managers have sought to weave a fabric of reasonable and just transportation charges throughout the republic."

That the leading transportation companies have made the interstate commerce law a text to work out a system of just and reasonable freight charges will be doubted by many. Discriminations still exist—and orders of local state boards of railroad commissioners are defied by railroads. Mr. Jeffrey admits "the inability thus far of the state and federal governments and their boards of railway commissioners to enforce the laws and bring the law-breakers to bar in courts;" but adds that it is "the desire of all conservative, self-respecting and law-abiding rail carriers to comply with these laws and give to the public just and reasonable and stable rates without unjust discrimination," and the failure lies with "some shippers and some carriers."

While unfair discriminations last; orders of commissioners are disregarded; princely salaries are paid to railway officials; railway "promoters" in some way or another are permitted to become immensely rich, and watered stock and fictitious valuations made the foundation to base transportation charges on, the rail carrier companies will find a public prejudice against them. While these companies maintain lobbies at state capitals, engineered by men who vulgarly insinuate that it is cheaper to buy legislatures than it is to convince the public of what is their due, it is a safe prediction that the end of prejudgment against rail companies is not in sight.

However, if the railway managers can be brought to the view of Mr. Jeffreys; if there is in fact an unhesitating effort to make transpoprtation charges just and reasonable; if the spirit of the interstate law shall be made the text in the effort to make such charges only as will insure reasonable earnings upon the cost to reproduce the railroads, rolling stock and pay operating expenses, then, when the public eye is satisfied as to the good faith in these matters, will the railroad problem be settled for a long time to come.

Mr. Jeffrey takes serious objection to the supreme court decision that agreements to maintain rates are illegal under the anti-trust law. This agreement he assumes was one to maintain reasonable rates. The court held that whether the rates maintained by the agreement were reasonable or not, under the law, the agreement—any agreement was unlawful. Now it is claimed that unless some agreement is allowed, capitalistic war and general ruin will follow. What is the end of such agreement? That railroads, at least some of them, do not aim to be reasonable with each other, but seek each other's ruin. If such is the spirit toward each other the public may well inquire what would be its fate when left to the rapacious selfishness of railway companies. The conclusion is, there must be some public arbitrator to which the carrier interest and the public interest must be submitted for decision. The great railway interest of this country is a most, if not the most important adjunct of the business of the nation. It is not the business of the public to cripple or ruin it. All the public wants, to be fair, is to know the truth.

The address of Mr. Jeffrey can, in the main, be commended, and it is the hope that the transportation companies will make true his statement, if not now true, that the interstate law will be the text upon which they shall build in good faith, a schedule of just and reasonable rates.

'CURSED FROM THE EARTH.

The lynching of Mitchell, the negro rapist, at Urbana, Ohio, is one more illustration that for this offense against female chastity the public demands certain and swift vengeance. The fact that the offender was a negro and the victim a white woman intensified the feeling, but it is not to be doubted that had he been white, under the circumstances, he would have been lynched just the same. The victim, a cultured woman, a widow, the mother of three children, one a grown son, sought to conceal her disgrace by accusing the brute of robbery. But when it became known that the actual crime was rape; that Mrs. Gaumer had been subjected to great bodily injury, to nervous prostration, to the deepest possible humiliation, and, besides, afflicted with a most dreaded form of venerial disease, public exasperation knew no bounds. The sheriff and captain of the local militia attempted to defend the majesty of the law and protect the prisoner. In doing this four of the mob were killed and seven wounded. The mob was temporarily repulsed but returned again in daylight and in such force to make resistance futile. So rampant was the feeling that the sheriff and commandant of the local militia speedily left town to avoid danger to their lives.

Rape is the most inexplicable and inexcusable of crimes. In all aggravated cases the public demands the culprit's life. This is growing more and more into a custom. This is becoming a law of communities both north and south—a law, in fact, higher than statute law. Statute law is the will of the majority, while lynching for the crime of rape is the unanimous will of localities. The underlying principles of the common law came into being before parliaments or statutes. They were the outgrowth of customs. The majesty of law is a good thing. We believe in obedience to law and the forms of law. But it may just as well be borne in mind that the inexcusable, hellishly inhuman and brutal crime against defenseless womanhood will be avenged in this republic with precious little ceremony. He who contemplates this crime, which is worse than murder, should remember that he is "cursed from the earth * * and that it shall come to pass that every one that shall find him shall slay him."

SOUTHERN PROTECTIONISTS.

The southern wing of the protection party in the senate received another acquisition to its ranks this week in the transfer of Hon. J. C. McLaurin from the house to the senate, to succeed the late Senator Earle of South Carolina. Mr. McLaurin's speeches in the house during the consideration of the Dingley bill were strongly in favor of protection and against the Democratic theory of free raw material. There were already five southern protectionists in the senate and thirty in the house.

The most accurate business barometer is that which indicates the progress of business among the banks of the country. If their loans and discounts are heavy it is an evidence that the business men are preparing for re-entering into active business pursuits. The May reports to the comptroller of the currency show a much improved condition of the national banks of the great cities in this particular. Their loans and discounts are increasing, individual deposits are heavy, and there is a general tone of improvement and an evidence of business revival which will increase from month to month when business is able to adjust itself to the new tariff.

Republican doctrines are evidently making rapid inroads in the south when such a rock-ribbed Democratic paper as the New Orleans Picayune can adopt Republican tariff principles as it does in the recent editorial which says: "The rice industry can thrive on nothing less than the protection accorded it by the Dingley bill. It has suffered severely under the Wilson law, as the low rates of duty do not protect domestic rice producers from the foreign rice raised by the pauper labor of the Orient."

Zola will come to America and will read his own works. Unlike the Breckinridge-Pollard trial, he will charge an admission fee.

Summary justice may not always be wrong, but individually never throw stones at a militia company drawn up to guard a jail.

At Chicago Yerkes is credited with owning the earth and his new telescope with bringing the moon within 200 miles of his grasp.

Tom Anderson's petition may be very large but he will have to hit McKinley with it a good deal harder than Dennis Flynn did with his.

Hereafter Topeka courts will hold the presence of an apron on a man as prima facie evidence that something liquid was sold and that it was whisky.

As Mr. Barnes is now postmaster at Kansas City his enemies should quiet down. Mr. Barnes had to be successful. He had a pull like a man learning to milk.

The supreme court of Georgia has just held that when a man reaches 66 years he is "aged." No court has yet had the courage to set a limit for women.

William Jennings Bryan contemplates a trip around the world and the partisan press, with its usual acumen, sees in this another instance of a weak intellect in Bryan.

Newspapers which are roasting Mrs. Durrant for her determination to be present at her son's execution, appear to have overlooked an important precedent to that kind of history.

Professor Crookes of London says that to count the number of molecules in a pinhead space at the rate of 10,000,00 a second would take 250,00 years. Crookes has tried it and knows.

When Kansas thinks that Ohio, which lately abused Kansas for being barbarous and uncivilized, has just had a lynching, Kansas feels like going and lynching an Ohio man or two.

The supreme court holds that a Populist legislature can not force a man to testify that he boodled it. This includes also the provision that a Populist legislature is not permitted to say that it was boodled.

The people feel a warmth for McKinley, they do not feel for Mark Hanna. And the way Mark Hanna is throwing up dirt with his hind-legs for the coming campaign in Ohio indicates that Hanna knows it.

It is generally felt that McKinley will begin on currency reform just in time to make the state campaign in Kansas one on wholly national issues, when on state issues the Populist ticket would hardly carry a county.

War is no longer sensational. If the Sultan and King George had both taken the field, met each other in open conflict and had a sword fight, one dying and his forces retiring sick and discouraged, that would have been something like it.

During the world's fair the most mentioned man in the country was George R. Davis, director general of the world's fair. When the fair closed a large hunk of obscurity broke off, fell on Davis and crushed him. But he has burrowed out and wants to be the country's commissioner to the Paris exposition.

Stories of an Inland State.

The speaker was well along in his stereotyped speech when he was interrupted. He had come to town to raise some money, by disposing of some of his corn, some of his pigs, or his horses, by any method except by mortgaging the farm, and having found no purchasers who would buy without robbing him down-right, as he believed, he had wandered about the streets, listened to a street-corner discussion on religion and one on politics and discovering that in the early evening, Earl Stevens, a candidate for congress, was to speak, he followed the crowd to the hall and took a seat half way back, lighted his pipe and brooded over the crimes of the mighty against the lowly.

The hall was crowded. There was a good deal of laughing and shouting and a tremendous amount of smoking. But he smoked only. A stranger at his side had said:

"Big meeting, aint it?"

"M'm," he had grumbled without removing his pipe from his lips.

"Do you think Stevens'll be elected," essayed the stranger airily.

"M'm," he had grunted again without turning to identify his questioner.

"What did you say?" asked the gallant stranger.

He had turned slowly upon the man, and removing his pipe leisurely had answered roughly:

"Nothing."

Which so ruffled the stranger that he moved his seat away from him with a noisy display of offense.

He had been a partisan in his time. He had helped the "boys" carry the conventions. He had yelled himself hoarse over the pretty phrases of his favorites in the days that were gone, but now—

There was a muffled movement of feet as the three hundred men in the hall squared themselves in their seats and raised their eyes to the stage upon which filed a line of gloomy gentlemen. A short man in a tremendous white collar took the chair nearest the table and hitting the table lightly with his knuckles said feebly:

"Gentlemen: We have selected for chairman this evening the Honorable Ephriam Botts."

There was tremendous cheering and Ephriam Botts came forward on the stage with that heart rending show of gravity that fright alone can engender.

He accepted the honor thrust upon him "in a few well chosen remarks." We quote the local paper. He then announced a song by the Wildcat Campaign club.

The Wildcats came out for business and, stationed themselves in the center of the stage and after bending their heads together for some minutes, without provocation started a topical campaign song.

He heard them, but he did not look up. In fact he had not seen the men file on the stage. He only knew they were there. He knew Botts' voice. He knew that the young candidate for congress, Earl Stevens, was there, but he did not look up. And even when Ephriam Botts arose and said, "It is now my pleasure, fellow-citizens, to introduce to you our esteemed candidate for congress, Earl Stevens, he kept his eyes steadily on the floor and sucked away at his pipe.

The youthful candidate for congress was well-dressed. He was tall and well-proportioned while his face was young and handsome, his chin clean-scraped and his moustache waxed tightly. His voice was soft, deep and melodious and as he continued, he was frequently interrupted by applause.

He did not applaud.

But as the speaker went on with his fine phrases, he began to melt in spite of himself. He got up, to the surprise of those around him, and shook himself savagely.

Sitting down again he was glad that the oratorical spell had passed from him. The words were fair indeed, but they could not move him. As he listened he glanced far upward and lowered his eyes until they rested on the trim, well-clad figure of the speaker. Then he looked at his own rags and his heart turned to gall and he arose and walked out into the middle of the aisle and raised his hand.

The speaker stopped and the crowd with that relief which all crowds feel in a pause in a long address turned to him.

"You all know me," he said turning from one side to the other. "I am John Wright. No man here knows anything 'agin' me. I have lived among ye many years. I now rise here to request a hearing (Ironical applause from one corner) Listen! I demand a hearing. Young man. Your words are pretty. But look ye here. Look at these rags, look at these hands, look at this face, look at these feet. For years I have labored. For years I have struggled, industriously, thriftily, tirelessly and this is what I am."

There was uproar from the crowd, but the young candidate raised his hand and asked:

"Did I understand you to say your name was John Wright?"

"John Wright."

"Well, Mr. Wright. This is my meeting. I am billed here to make a speech. When I am finished I will let you have the floor."

A most magnificent jeer at old John Wright arose from the audience.

"Do you yield?" asked the speaker with a light, graceful wave of his hand.

"No," cried John Wright in a voice of thunder. "I do not yield! Yield! Yield! What have I to yield! The right of speech? That I will keep—forever."

He glared about him. One man just in front of him was cheering ferociously.

"Bill Green," yelled Wright. "Stop that!"

Bill Green gave another hoot.

Wright stepped forward and struck him in the face with his open hand.

The crowd now began laughing and cried "Take the stage! Take the stage!"

Old John Wright walked up to the stage, climbed over the foot-lights and threw off his coat. His dirty, blue shirt, and his coarse trousers made him look a tramp and his unkempt hair did not lessen the resemblance.

But as the strong light from below struck his hardy brown face and sinewy neck exposed by his unbuttoned shirt, the resemblance ceased and he stood before them a farmer whom they knew and whom they until now, respected.

"Only a word," he said raising his voice, "and then I will leave you."

He turned from the audience and addressed the candidate, now seated.

"You will be elected. I will vote for you. All these men will vote for you. You were raised almost in this district. You were reared as a lawyer. You have tasted our dust and been browned by our winds until you are one of us. You mean well. You have been telling us of our ills tonight. God knows we have a-plenty. Your one desire, however, is not to relieve our sufferings, is not to take these rags from my back, is not to allow me to eat and sleep in peace like a civilized being, but is to get to congress. Don't deny it. You will be elected. You will go down to Washington. You will sit in your leather chair and smoke your fine cigars. You will wear your diamonds and your 'biled' shirt and go out into society. And while we are toiling out here, we in our rags and our dirt, I our hunger and poverty with our little children naked and our boys and girls in the fields and not at school, you will forget us and come to be the rich man's puppet, yes, his dog, his yellow dog, led by his rope, cowering beneath his cuff, smiling at his chance approval. I know ye. We have sent others. And we shall send you. And you will be a Judas like the rest. Don't deny it. Remember—"

He raised his great fore-finger at him in shaking passion, angry at his inner confession that his expected eloquence had failed him.

"Remember that you have old John Wright's vote and his curse."

So saying he clambered down off the stage and out the hall, while the crowd roared with laughter.

Painting Painted Indians

Chicago, Ills., June 7.—It is refreshing to note that at last our artists are expressing a national individuality. They are turning to American history, to American myths and legends, and to aboriginal traditions for the subject matter of their essays. Chicago has in E. A. Burbank an artist who is in a fair way to have his name enrolled in history as one of the foremost painters of the American Indian. Mr. Burbank has just returned from Fort Sill, Oklahoma Territory, where he spent several months painting the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians. While at Fort Sill Mr. Burbank enjoyed the hospitality of the post, and he occupied quarters with Captain Hoyle, Lieutenant Herron and Lieutenant Charles, formerly of Chicago. Mr. Burbank painted his sitters under singular advantageous circumstances, and like all true-spirited men who have studied the Indians, he became their friend and admirer. The friendship was mutual and they christened him "Big Medicine Man," and he became known also by a gesture dedicated to him in the sign language. Furthermore, invitations were extended to him by his red men friends to attend the muscatel dance and feast, which is an expression of favoritism.

When the Chicago artist arrived in Fort Sill Captain H. L. Scott, who practically has the Indians in charge, was in Texas at a cattle convention looking after their grass tax interests, and it was thought best that Mr. Burbank should not make an effort to procure models until his return. Captain Scott, it will be remembered, lectured here on the "Sign Language" during the world's fair. On his return to the post thirteen of the chiefs, among them White Wolf, Poor Buffalo, Looking Glass, and the famous enemy of the white man, Geronimo, called upon the captain to ask him the result of his trip—Geronimo, by the by, was not deserving of a place in this body, as he is a prisoner of war and has no voice in civic matters. Mr. Burbank was asked to be present at the conference, which lasted three hours, during which time each chief delivered the same address and asked the same question of their loyal friend.

Whenever the Indians in the Oklahoma section wish to speak in their own behalf to government officials regarding their land claims it is Captain Scott who takes them to Washington, and upon several occasions their eloquence has won for them at least temporary victory. An amusing anecdote is told of a band of them who recently left their home on the plains for the first time to travel to the capitol. They determined to count the white people they saw between destinations, which became so irksome that they abandoned the plan, and enumerated houses, but that task became irksome; their last venture was cities; failing in that, in a congested and bewildered state of mind they resigned themselves to abstract sight-seeing.

Through the influence of Captain Scott and other officers Mr. Burbank found it an easy task to procure models. With but few exceptions the Indians live in the shelter of the mountains, ten or more miles distant, which made it necessary for them to cast their tepees near the artist's temporary studio. Geronimo, however, was painted in his own home. Nineteen oils are the result of Mr. Burbank's stay at Fort Sill. The collection will be placed on exhibition at Thurber's art gallery tomorrow. It must not be thought for a moment that these people of the plains and mountains sat for their portraits without remuneration. Many a professional model has posed for less. All were paid at least $2 a day, and a number demanded $3 for their services. Artists have found it difficult to get Geronimo to pose. H. L. Farney made the attempt, but he as failed to state that he was a "big chief," Geronimo refused to have a man without rank paint his portrait. Among all of Mr. Burbank's works perhaps greater historical interest will be found in two likenesses of the ancient Apach chief, Geronimo who is supposed to have killed outright and to have caused the death of more white men than any other Indian now alive, and a more difficult prisoner was never captured. Geronimo was not the hereditary chief. In fact, he usurped the right, and won devoted followers by his savage bravery.

Geronimo is presented both in profile and full face, with his scarlet blanket wound around him and his bright red bandeau tied about his forehead, exposing his short blue-black hair in the neck and on the crown of his head. His bronze skin is furrowed, and his keen, cruel eyes have lost much of their lutre; his thin, determined mouth is deep set and drawn down at the corners. Both are strong portraits, but the one in profile is a masterpiece of characterization. It suggests in contour one of the portraits of Napoleon. The verility and robustness of these stalwart subjects seem to have loosened Mr. Burbank's brush. His touch is lighter, happier and more spontaneous. The work is less microscopic, and yet it is not wanting in completeness. He has for most part been quite successful in his backgrounds, which are naturally difficult problems to solve, as we always think of the Indian in the open, surrounded only by nature's environments. The backgrounds in low keys are the most satisfactory. Added interest is given many of the pictures by the signatures of the sitters printed in little stiff letters in one corner.

Christian Naiche, the rightful hereditary chief, who fought side by side with Geronimo, and apparently bore him no malice, is a fine, kind-looking man, and he is painted in various attitudes. Young Indian maidens require a chaperon as well as their white sisters. At least the girls chaperon one another. Mr. Burbank was fortunate in having two attractive young girls as models. They came together from quite a distance and spent the entire day. One posed in the morning, the other in the afternoon. They wore their very best clothes and their faces were decorated in the most up-to-date designs and colors. While sitting they chanted tunefully soft, low melodies in their native tongue, chiefly sacred songs. The handsomer girl of the two, Gi-Aum-E Hon-O-Me, spoke quite a little English, and she was able to translate the simple words of the songs. The most pleasing picture exhibited, both in subject, technic and color, is found in the portrait of Gi-Aum-E wrapped in a gray and black blanket, her red cheeks furnishing bright notes of color to the canvas, which is otherwise painted in a low, musical key.

Mr. Burbank found the girls not only excellent models, but they were as well communicative, and asked questions about the great distant cities. One observed that she would like to see Chicago, "heap big city, light at night like day, heap many candles everywhere." The most elaborate costume seen in this collection is worn by Ton-Had-Die. The leather skirt is painted with bands of blue, green and scarlet. From the bands hang rows of fringe composed of horsehair dyed yellow. The shoulders and sleeves of the jacket are studded with elk's teeth. The collar is quite modern, as is also the belt, which is hung with bead pouches and numerous other paraphernalia. The red men and women are excellent models. They will sit for hours without moving. They never become tired; they are seldom out of temper. The Chicago artist painted the portrait of only one Anglo-American during his stay in Fort Sill. His subject was Captain Hoyle. Mr. Burbank is so enthusiastic over his new models that he expresses astonishment that American artists prefer Dutch men and women in wooden shoes to these picturesque people of our own country. He will leave within the month for Washington to paint the Indians of that section of the country.

It is interesting to compare these recent works of Mr. Burbank, which have ethnological value as well as artistic merit, with those of George Catlin, the first American painter of aboriginal subjects, in the Field Columbian museum. Mr. Catlin was entirely self-taught, and although his paintings are far from being unexceptional works of art, they are valuable as historical records.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

Charlie Greer of the Guthrie Capital last week married Miss Harlowe of Seymour, Iowa.

Will some good lawyer please to arise and testify why it is that Ira Terrill is not to be hanged.

Senator Hawley of New England is talking to McKinley in favor of Ransom Payne for marshal.

It would be interesting to know if Pat Nagle during his incumbency paid that Washington board bill.

The latest shot at Jay Yancy is from western Oklahoma and is to the effect that Callahan is a Calla-lily.

Nagle says: "I am merely tired of my job and moreover believe that the Repupblicans should have the spoils."

Hardly anything is ever done politically in Oklahoma without some thought of a future United States senatorship.

Some of the fellows say that the appointment of Jenkins is the only one in the territory which will be made over Barnes head.

F. S. Wiggins of Woodward is advertising for 10,000 hogs. He wants them in the next ten days.

Mayor Wade of Perry is already in trouble just as predicted. He has removed the dog catcher because he doesn't believe in free silver.

If Frank Thompson does not get that appointment from Barnes all the political prophets in business in Oklahoma should make assignments.

The Kansas supreme court didn't think that the invention of a cyclone destroyer was evidence of insanity. Poor Ira Terrill. His scheme didn't work.

Everything will be lovely so long as Governor Barnes is really conciliatory. But if he attempts to build up a proscriptive Barnes crowd, there is going to be an awful fuss.

Reverend Upchurch will be postmaster at Arapahoe, according to late advices. He is a Flynn man but has Barnes' endorsement, the first time this arrangement has occurred so far.

Mrs. W. H. Robb of Perry, wife of the local manager of the Western Union and formerly Miss Mary Williams, a society lady of St. Joseph, died after giving birth to a child last week.

It is said to be the wish of Mark Hanna that the territorial committee and Governor Barnes work together. Barnes will not work with the committee until it comes to him and promises to quit fighting.

Of course McKinley can not know the side-plays in every section in the country, but if he turns down Bill Grimes and his big petition he is turning down a man who made a better fight in his field than Mark Hanna did in his.

The Kansas City Journal's Guthrie correspondent says almost flatly that Nagle had to resign and that "$500 attorneys do not give up $5,000 positions voluntarily." That is a slander. Nagle resigned because he wanted to.

A new law makes it necessary for the sheriff to take charge of any domestic animal reported to have contagious disease. Sheriff Akins had to lose sleep and food the other day on account of this law and a report several horses in the country were suffering from glanders.

In a land case before Judge Tarsney at El Reno this week some very fine points were up for consideration. The judge appointed a receiver for the and to guard each parties' interest until it was settled. When it comes to justice and equity Tarsney is all right.

A Guthrie special says: A big row is on in Populist circles over the election of a territorial chairman to succeed Leo Vincent, who resigned because of the betrayal of every promise made the people by the recent legislature. Delegate Callahan, who came all the way from Washington, and neglected the interests of the territory in congress to dictate the election of Representative Tom Willis, is being vigorously assailed by the Populist press of other parts of the territory, who declare that the delegate and his private secretary and the secretary of the territorial committee is enough for Kingfisher county, without having the chairman of the same county and neighborhood, and are also charging Callahan with a desire to get everything under his control, in order to secure a renomination.

Along the Kansas Nile.

One of Will Haskell's latest minstrel jokes is about a man who went up in a balloon an Irishman and came down a Rushin'.

Cy Leland's house at Troy was struck by lightning one day last week. Mr. Leland himself has not been so fortunate.

Doster is very epigrammatic. He says in his opinion on the Davis matter: "Jurisdiction, like appetite, grows by what it is fed upon."

Burton has caught the Ingalls habit of delay and disappointment. He failed to show up for a lecture at Salina the other evening.

The Populist boodle investigations are finished. The supreme court knocked them out—a supreme court which is controlled by a Populist majority.

The story that John D. Knox was now a poor man had a gloomy effect on sympathetic humanity. But Knox is all right. He is worth $200,000 easily.

People are nt going to believe that Senator Baker is pressing Mike Sutton to take the internal revenue collectorship until they see kinetoscopic proof of it.

The Salvation army in Kansas is selling pictures of Queen Victoria. It is fair to the army to say that they have not made a fortune yet out of the deal.

A Populist supreme court decided that Populists can not be forced to give evidence of their own party's corruption. It is only fair to say that Doster dissented.

Senator Hanna of Abilene, a Populist who has been denounced as a traitor by his Populist fellows, of course, had an extra heavy load in that name.

It is true in the eyes of the average citizen as Doster says that the supreme court of Kansas has too much the vehicle for settling legislative and political disputes in Kansas.

During the lull in political gossip in a Topeka hotel the other day it was voted that the prettiest thing on earth is the outline of a woman's arm through a gauzy sleeve.

It is openly charged in Topeka this week that Dave Leahy is a descendent of Brian Boru. This is true. Boru, Loru, Lohu, Leahu and O'Leahy and Leahy is the growth of the name.

It is rather refreshing to see the Populists bounce the Republican subordinates in the state institutions. When the Republicans get in power again all the Populists will go out with a rush.

Forty years ago this week, according to Mr. Herbert of Hiawatha, frost destroyed all growing crops and flour went up to $16 a barrel. Squire Keenan of Wichita says thirty-nine years ago.

Nate Barnes of Kansas City is now postmaster there, but it should be said that when Mr. Barnes went on the committee of notification to Mr. McKinley last June he rather expected a cabinet place.

Nine old teachers have been bounced from the Olathe deaf and dumb asylum by the Populists and nine teachers, who do not now know the deaf and dumb alphabet even, have been put in their places.

In Dickinson county the Populists recently held a meeting and appointed a committee to investigate Senator Hanna. The committee has reported, calling Hanna a traitor and demanding his resignation.

It used to be the fashion with Kansas editors who took a trip to Florida or Texas to write letters back to their papers, afterward publishing them in book form and have them copyrighted. This was to keep publishers from stealing them if they became terrifically popular. But the copyright passion has died out. Bill White's late story in McClure's (Ed Howe says it is the best he has written) is not copyrighted.

A special from Topeka says: The Pop leaders have been hunting around today trying to find a soft place for their party to light from the supreme court decision knocking out the investigation. At an informal conference held in the state house this afternoon it was decided to advertise in their party organ that the Republicans were saved by the decision; that, had the committee been sustained, a vast deal of corruption on the part of Republican members would have been shown up. Not a single Republican was besmirched during the investigation, while more than a score of alleged reformers were shown up as rank boodlers, and a cloud was cast on the entire outfit, so some claim of the kind seems to be almost a necessity. The first installment of "what the committee intended to show up in case it was sustained by the court," has been prepared and will be rushed in the Populistic organs at once. It is hoped in this way to direct attention from the sworn testimony already in, which is so damaging to the Pop party. It is also the plan of the leaders publicly to deplore the way the decision went, and criticise Justice Allen for writing it. As a matter of fact, the decision is just what the Pop leaders wanted. The state administration hired learned attorneys to attack the right of the committee to sit, and the attorneys have received a portion of their fees and will receive the remainder from the contingent fund. The refusal of Davis to testify was simply a scheme of the Pop leaders to knock out the investigation. It had shown up a large number of their leaders and they were afraid that it would catch the entire outfit that was down for last winter sandbagging various interests. Bub reas the administration is pleased with the decision.

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reach the most people and bring the best results. A trial always
convince.